

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.

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No. 5

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

THE BLEEDING HEART.

A dark cloud hung over the cedar valley, and a drizzling mist had watered profusely the thick grass around the low painted cottage that stood hid among the trees, at the foot of the hill. But the window that looked down the narrow road towards the village was open, though it was past the hour of eleven at night, and Mary sat pale and dejected by it, resting her cheek upon her hand, and looking out upon the gloomy sky, and listening with all the deep and anxious expectation of a tender wife, for the approach of her absent husband. De Lancy had not always kept such hours as this—he was once fond, affectionate, attentive to her every want and wish, and as careful of her happiness as of his own life—when she married him, he was gay and cheerful, rich and virtuous, and she had joined her hand in his with the bright prospect of a long life of conjugal bliss, full before her. But now his brow wore the aspect of deep and settled gloom—he seemed to be himself no more—some secret disquietude preyed upon his mind, the springs of which lay concealed from her view. Sometimes she thought he loved her no longer—but the thought almost broke her heart, and she banished it—she hoped for the best; and waited now his return with all the impatience of wronged, but silent, unrepining affection.

As midnight approached the streaked lightning began to flash along the woodlands, and at intervals the deep and hollow-toned thunder rolled across the western arch of heaven—the clouds dropped rain in larger quantities, and the quiet of the night yielded to the stormy blackness of a coming tempest. She rose, and closed the window with a heavy sigh.—At that moment a flash, unlike that of lightning, at the edge of the woods, directly down the road, and a report as of a pistol, alarmed her; she threw open the window again; all was silent—then a faint voice seemed crying in the wood; she listened, and thought she gathered the sound of "*murder*"—but the thunder rolled again, and again, and the red lightning flashed angrily—and a howling wind rose up and moaned most dismally along the forest. She fastened down the sash; and threw herself beside her sleeping infants on the bed; clasping them closely to her bosom, while her heart beat most violently, and her whole frame trembled with terror.

A brief space elapsed, and the hurried tread of a horse was heard coming up the road; the gate creaked on its hinges; she heard De Lancy's voice, "wo, wo, Bob, let me get off; this is bad business; we are both crazy; wo, wo, Bob, you don't smell the blood now; Lord how the lightning flashes; there's blood on my arm yet; wo, wo." The horse was led away to the stable; she heard the door shut and the key turn, and presently De Lancy rapped at the door. She flew to open it, and her husband entered with a wild and agitated air, pale and besmeared with mire and blood.

"In the name of heaven," cried Mary, "what is this," "only a trifle woman, Bob threw me, and my nose bled a little." She feared to interrogate him further, for his ruffled and morose humour was forbidding; she pressed him to partake of the supper she had kept ready for him, and endeavored to sooth by kindness and attention the gloomy mood in which she found him. He refused to eat, however, and after sitting with his hand clenched some moments on his forehead, he rose, took a heavy draught of brandy, and threw himself on the bed.

Mary laid down beside him but not to sleep, or if a momentary doze came over her, her waking fancy pictured to her restless and anxious mind the feverish dreams of a disordered brain. She rose as the first glimmering of day broke upon the green valley, and walked out to the spring to bathe her burning brow in the cool clear waters of the flowing brook. She had been there but a few moments, before two men rode rapidly up the road, and entered the gateway—she hastened to the house and they entered with her, inquiring for Mr. De Lancy, and seeming in too much haste to wait even the common forms of civility.

De Lancy lay, still asleep, and when they rudely roused him and laid their hands upon him, he sprang up in a kind of frenzy, "What, so soon," cried he, "Why, who told you I killed him. "It is enough" said one of them, "who asked you to accuse yourself, how came you to know he was killed? Come we must search you." De Lancy, stood aghast; in the perturbation of a moment he had betrayed himself—he had been taken unprepared; and as they drew from his pockets the money and watch of the murdered man, he trembled excessively—"ah, the Devil has done for me at last" said he, throwing a wistful glance at his two sweet infants as they lay smiling in their infant slumbers on the bed, locked in each others arms; and then towards his wife, who, in an agony of despair, at this sudden burst of

overwhelming misfortune on herself and children—and of ignominy and shame on him who was dear to her as her heart's blood, vile and dishonored as he stood before her on that fatal morning, stood pale and fixed as a cold statue by the bedside. "I have ruined you all," said he. "But he whom I slew first ruined me; he won a thousand dollars from me last night; I killed him; I got my money back, and now my life is forfeited. Oh, why was I linked with this infernal spirit. Gambling has ruined me, and those whose fortune were bound up in mine, forever: oh Mary; my poor wife; my poor dear babes." He raved and raved, but they hurried him away; and bound his manly arms with a thick cord, and led him between their horses from his beautiful cottage house.

They had not gone far before they heard a distracted voice behind them; De Lancy's wife was following; her hair hanging about her shoulders; her feet bare, and her every feature betokening the very horror of anguish. "Stay a moment; oh stay!—speak to me George; oh what will become of us; what will become of your poor wife and children?" The officers only increased their speed, and De Lancy went on with his hands folded, and his brow bent in desperate and silent despair. Poor Mary, after following them more than two miles, turned and went back, crying loudly and bitterly all the way.

George's trial and condemnation followed speedily. He plead guilty. Mary went to see him in jail, but he told her at parting that it would break his heart to meet her again. This proved to be an unnecessary admonition: she had been deserted by all her friends, amid the crush of her morning hopes; she pined away in her solitary home, day after day, and was at last found dead in the cottage, with a babe on each arm, early one morning, by a passer by, who was attracted to the house by the crying of the infants. De Lancy never knew her fate though he was not executed for almost a month afterwards.

Thus ended the life of a Gambler, in utter ruin to himself and family, in double, and doubly desolating crime.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

FROM THE BRITISH TRAVELLER.
LORD BYRON.

(Concluded from page 28.)

Lord Byron succeeded to the title and estates on the death of William, the fifth Lord Byron which, as we have already stated, took place in 1798, when he was only ten years of age.

Up to that period he had lived in Aberdeenshire, and it appears that the wild scenery of the spot in which he passed his early years remained always deeply engraven on his memo-

ry. In his first publication, "The Hours of Idleness," there is a poem on Lachin y Gair, to which he prefixes a short introduction, in which he says, it is "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps. Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life."

It has been said indeed, that the liberty he enjoyed of ranging the hills without control, at that early period, that his frame which was delicate, might be invigorated by air and exercise, made him ever afterwards impatient of restraint.

Towards the close of the year 1798 he was removed to Harrow. Speaking of his studies there, his lordship says in a note to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, "In some parts of the Continent, young persons are taught from mere common authors, and do not read the best Classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the plan of my education. I was not a slow though an idle boy; and I believe no one could be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason: a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, but too late when I have erred."

At the age of a little more than sixteen he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he became a student of Trinity College.

At the age of nineteen he left the University for Newstead Abbey, and the same year he gave to the world his "Hours of Idleness."

Among the early amusements of his Lordship were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired great dexterity even in his childhood. In his aquatic exercises near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, his Lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines:

"Ye who, perchance, behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn!
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and thence proceeded across the peninsula to the Mediterranean, in company with Mr. Hobhouse.

The travels of his Lordship are described in "Childe Harold" and the notes. It is somewhat singular that his Lordship should then have had a narrow escape from a fever in the vicinity of the place where he has just ended his life :

"When, in 1810," he says, "after the departure of my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea ; these men (Albanians) saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens ; my dragoman or interpreter was as ill as myself, and my poor annaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honor to civilization."

While the *Salsette* frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont. Lord Byron and Lieut. Eikenhead agreed to make the trial—they accordingly attempted this enterprise on the 2d of May, 1810. The following is the account given of it by his Lordship :—

"The whole distance from Abydos, the place whence we started, to our landing at Sesios on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles : though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across ; and it may in some measure be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other, in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt, but having ridden all the way from the Froad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the Straits as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress ; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan ; but our Consul at Tarragona remembered neither of those circumstances and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance ; and the only thing that surprised me was, that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability."

This notable adventure was, however, followed by a fit of the ague.

He returned to England, after an absence of nearly three years and the first two Cantos of "Childe Harold" made their appearance a few months afterwards. To this poem in rapid succession followed "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos," two Turkish stories ; and while the world was as yet divided in opinion as to which of these three pieces the palm was due, he produced his beautiful poem of "The Corsair."

On the 2d of January, 1815, his lordship married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank Noel, Baronet, and towards the close of the same year his lady brought him a daughter. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated. This difference excited a prodigious sensation at the time. His lordship, while the public anxiety, as to the course he would adopt was at its height, suddenly left the kingdom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblenz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the north of Italy. He took up his abode for some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his "Childe Harold."

At Venice, Lord Byron avoided, as much as possible, all intercourse with his countrymen.—He quitted that city, and took up his residence in other parts of the Austrian dominions in Italy, which he quitted for Tuscany. He was joined by the late Mr. Shelley, and afterwards by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

His patrimonial estate received lately a large increase by the death of lady Byron's mother, and a valuable coal mine, said to be worth 750,000 had been discovered on his Rochdale estate before he left England, so that at his death he must have been in the possession of a large income.

The journey of his lordship to Greece and the part he has acted in that country, will endear his memory to every friend of liberty.

On the 9th of April, Lord Byron, who had been living very low, exposed himself in a violent rain ; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by his abstinence, and probably by some of the remaining effects of his previous illness, made him unwilling—at any rate he refused to submit—to be bled. It is to be lamented that no one was near his Lordship who had sufficient influence over his mind, or was himself sufficiently aware of the necessity of

the case, to induce him to submit to that remedy, which, in all human probability would have saved a life so valuable to Greece. The inflammatory action, unchecked, terminated fatally on the 19th of April.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

PROFESSOR PORSON.

A person once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle: shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, "I think young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied our Tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The professor applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book. After rumaging the pages for some time, he replied, "upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, with no better success, muttering however to himself, "curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The titling of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble; at last, "Bless me; sir, (said he) how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in *Æschylus*." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an *Æschylus*, when our astonished gentleman vociferated, "Stop the coach; halloo, coachman, let me out? there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out I say; let me out; he must be Porson, or the devil."

CLEVER THOUGHT OF AN INDIAN.

A Spaniard, travelling through a vast desert met an Indian on horse-back; he was likewise on horse-back, but fearing his horse would not go through the desert unwearied, he would fain change horses with the Indian. This however the Indian was very unwilling to agree to and the Spaniard seeing no other method left, determined to claim the horse as one he had lost, and referred his cause to a party whom he

saw approaching with their chief at their head. When the Spaniard had told his tale, the Indian also begged to be heard: "as this man," said he (at the same time covering the horse's head with his cloak) "says he lost his horse, no doubt he can tell his blind eye." The Spaniard trusting to chance, and unwilling to be tho't to hesitate replied immediately, "the right eye." The Indian returned, "he is neither blind with the right nor the left;" and the horse was adjudged to the Indian, with a severe reprimand to the Spaniard.

GOOD NATURE.—The first, the most important quality of a woman, is good nature. Made to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of defects, she ought to learn betimes to suffer even injustice: it is not for his, but for her own sake, that she ought to be good natured. The ill nature and obstinacy of the wives never do any thing but augment their evils, and the bad proceedings of the husbands; they well know that it is not with those arms they ought to conquer. Heaven did not make them insinuating and persuasive, to become peevish; it did not make them weak, to become imperious; it did not give them a voice so sweet, to utter invectives; it did not make their features so delicate, to disfigure them by anger. When they fly into a passion they forget themselves; they have often reason to complain; but they are always in the wrong to scold. Each ought to observe the decorum of the sex. A virtuous woman was entreated by one of her friends to inform her of some secrets she was possessed of to preserve the good graces of her husband. "It is," said she, "by doing every thing that pleases him, and by suffering patiently from him every thing that does not please me."

Curran.—In speaking of a learned sergeant, who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point at law, Curran observed "that whenever that grave counsel endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool, whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin!"

An ingenious Method of turning a Misfortune to Profit.—Not many years ago, a man was hanged at a country town in Ireland for highway robbery; but his friends having taken the body to a house, fancied that they discovered some signs of life, and immediately applied to a surgeon, who, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in restoring the man to his senses. Finding himself much annoyed by the multitude of visitors, and the questions which they asked respecting his short excursion to the other world, the man declared that he would not gratify their curiosity until each person should have paid the sum of two-pence. With this demand they readily complied, and he ve-

ry seriously informed them, that at the moment when he was recalled to this world by the surgeon's assistance, he had just arrived at the gate of heaven, where he saw St. Peter sitting with the *keys* in his hand.

Carolan.—This celebrated bard, who hastened his death by the vile indulgence of drinking, desired the bowl to be brought, when absolutely on the verge of his final moments. He was unable to drink, but before he relinquished his intended draught, pressed the cup to his lips, and observed with a smile, that "it would be hard indeed, if two such friends were to part without kissing."

SELDEN.—When the learned John Selden was a member of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new-model religion, he delighted to puzzle them by curious quibbles. Once they were gravely engaged in determining the exact distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, and one of them, to prove it could not be great, observed "that *fish* was carried from one place to the other." On which Selden observed, "Perhaps it was *salt fish*;" which again through the assembly into doubt.

DANCING.—The Chinese have odd ideas of this amusement. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

Presence of Mind.—A house-maid in Upper Grosvenor-street, London, who was inclined to take a draught of ale, after the family had retired to bed, glided silently into the cellar without a candle. As she was feeling about for the cask, the situation of which was not unknown to her, she put her hand on something which she immediately perceived to be the head of a man. The girl, with an uncommon share of fortitude and good sense, forbore to cry out, but said, in a tone of impatience, "Deuse take Betty, she is always putting the mops in the way." She then went to the cask, quietly drew her beer retired from the cellar, fastened the door, and alarmed the house. The man was taken, tried, and convicted; and declared, before he quitted the court, that the maid was entirely indebted to her presence of mind for her life, for had she cried out, he must instantly have murdered her; but as he firmly believed she mistook his head for a mop, particularly as she had drawn the beer after she had felt it, he let her go away without injury, not apprehending that she could have given information of any one being in the cellar.

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.—An ambassador from England, on being presented to one of the kings of Spain, was told to do some particular homage, which, as being rather inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and too humiliating for the character he had the honour to bear, he begged leave to decline. Highly piqued at this imaginary insult, and desirous of putting the ambassador out of countenance for it, the king cried aloud to the courtiers around him, "What! has my good brother of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a *fool* to represent him?" "O yes, may it please your majesty," replied the ambassador, "my master has many men about him, far wiser than I; but he makes it an invariable rule, to suit every ambassador to the king at whose court he is about to preside."

MEMORY.—A player being reproached by Rich, for having forgot some of the words in the Beggar's Opera on the fifty-third night of its performance, cried out, "What do you think one can remember a thing for ever?"

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

No. II.

"Mysterious woman! Be mine the task

"To scan your virtues and reprove your faults."

The positions we shall first assume, are, that females of the present day are generally deficient in intellectual improvement, correct taste, and highly cultivated manners; but are by no means characterized by mental imbecility, by constitutional weakness, or a native incapacity, to discharge with honor and usefulness, her appropriate duties in any department of life. It will readily be perceived, that in the affirmative of our positions we consider woman as she *is*. When we come to the negative parts of them, we shall take some pains to show what she *might be*.

In a country like ours, distinguished for its numerous judicious institutions, for a general cultivation of literary taste, and a wide diffusion of useful information, it is a matter of wonder and regret, that the improvement of the female mind should be thought of so little consequence, as to escape the notice of our wisest legislators and of our most liberal public benefactors. To such an extent has this indifference existed, that but few years have elapsed since the first rudiments of learning, acquired in the dull routine of a common school, were considered as co-extensive with the powers of the female mind, and as amply sufficient to give to it the highest cultivation of which it is susceptible, and to qualify her, for the discharge of the numerous and important duties of domestic life. And although public opinion may have undergone

considerable change in this respect, the erroneous systems of instruction, that are now generally pursued, are nearly, if not quite, as censureable, as the indifference formerly manifested. Instead of strengthening and storing her mind with that useful and solid information which alone can lay the foundation for fixed principles of actions, the female youth is permitted and even compelled, to devote all her time and talents to the acquisition of those puerile accomplishments, which perverted taste and arbitrary custom have denominated fashionable—Music, painting, and dancing have been, and with many even now are considered as the ultimatum of female acquirement.—These accomplishments, though perhaps pleasing in themselves, and generally innocent, may be productive of the most injurious consequences. Their direct tendency is to increase the sensibility, exultate the spirits and dissipate attention.

“ ‘Tis education forms the youthful mind,”

and the character that is formed and moulded by pursuits like these, must from necessity be airy, versatile and fickle—The feelings of youth, already sufficiently buoyant and elastic, require no excitement—but, on the contrary, should be controlled, and rendered calm and sedate. By pursuits like those above mentioned the taste may be improved and the sentiments refined, while the understanding is totally neglected the mind lies dormant, or if brought into exercise has nothing to concentrate its views or to guide its deliberations—Hence, we may account for that fickleness and inconstancy, which have been so often charged upon the female, as inherent in her very nature. She is not, as many believe, condemned to a constitutional weakness, which subjects her sex to merited imputation and which should render *ours* distrustful and suspicious—but her acknowledged volatility is owing entirely to a want of fixed habits of thoughts, and of those settled principles of action, which can only be acquired by a course of systematic instruction.

But however important and interesting these observations may appear, in relation to females as individuals, they become doubly so, when applied to them as members of society, and when considered in the characters of wives and mothers. The influence which females exert upon society is silent and unostentatious, but powerful and permanent. Upon the character of the wife, depends, in a very great degree, the fortune, happiness and reputation of the husband: The example of the mother not unfrequently fixes the habits, moulds the dispositions and decides the destiny of her family—and the moral aspect of a whole community may receive its cast, from the principles inculcated, by a modest, obscure and unassuming female—In the language of a distinguished orator of the present day, while speaking of woman—“it is her song over the cradle that

awakens the first moral idea; it is upon her lap the hero first erects his majestic form;” it is the simple tale which she relates to listening infancy, that fires the breast of the patriot and nerves the arm of the warrior; and from the principles which she instils the moralist and the orator receive their inspiration. In this view of the subject, female education assumes an importance that cannot be disguised; and that legislator must be blind, or indifferent to the interests of his country, who strives to restrain, by penal laws and prohibitory statutes, the evil propensities of his species, but takes no measures to improve the source in which they originate. If woman does not maintain that moral elevation which “nature’s God designed she should,” it is her misfortune, but it is our fault. We alone have the control of the institutions of the country, and we alone are responsible for their effects upon community.

OBSERVATOR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR.

I remain the same person that I was when I last wrote you, and as yet have met with no opportunity to change my circumstances and when I consider how far I have advanced in life, the anxieties and perplexities of courtship, and the possibility of disappointment and defeat at last—I am almost tempted to relinquish the present object of my pursuit, and resign myself to the solitary joys of a hopeless celibacy—an unfortunate condition surely—but it is one to which the calculations of interest, the pride of coquetry and stoical indifference have seduced many, very many who might have tasted a sweeter cup, and been the rich inheritors of a fairer and happier lot—how lamentable indeed it is, to consider what sad inroads the foolish vanities and wayward passions of man, have made upon the original intentions of nature—a monastery or convent may be well suited to holy, calm, and peaceful meditation, but its cloistered seclusion uproots the dearest affections, and freezes up the sympathies of the human heart. It perverts and defeats the noblest purposes of our existence—equally unnatural if not equally pernicious are the consequences of a life of celibacy although unconnected with the sober retirement and grievous penance of the crucifix and cowl. The abstractions of a bachelor are scarcely less antisocial and prejudicial than those of a monk—But notwithstanding, such are the convictions of my most serious reflections, convictions sanctioned by every relation to society—I have sometimes met with circumstances, which, went to establish different conclusions, and to remove the effect of such impressions. Rambling the other day through town, my attention was suddenly arrested by some loud and contentious voices, which issued from a very decent looking mansion a little to the right of me—I slackened my pace a little in order that

I might learn the cause of such an unexpected salutation, but I soon began to indulge some apprehensions for my own safety—for the sounds grew louder and more hurried, and mingled up with the most bitter expressions of passion and fury—and all apparently in token of some sudden and terrible onset—but my fears were soon dissipated, when I saw one of the parties receding, and the disdainful and exasperated house-wife following up his retreat, with broom-stick uplifted ready to execute speedy vengeance. The poor husband with due diligence made good his escape, which had the effect of occasioning a temporary cessation to the combat. I have since learned that this is only one of a thousand of their indecent quarrels, and that such family commotions are by no means uncommon, although perhaps not always carried to such an outrageous extent. I must confess the effect of this encounter and of such information, was to give me some different ideas of the matrimonial state, and a little better opinion of my own condition.

I had often heard that connexions were sometimes unfortunate and ill-advised, that a certain correspondence of tastes and a general conformity of mind and disposition was necessary to their substantial welfare—but I had never before imagined, that I should have such a practical and convincing exposition of the correctness of the observation—and if this, tho' I, is a specimen of the tender sympathies, of the kind and soothing assiduities, of the thousand consecrated endearments of matrimonial felicity—if peace and quiet are to be chased away from the bosom scenes of life—if they who have plighted their faith and proclaimed their vows before the altar are to sever the bonds of friendship in warring strife, if every wife is to become a Xantippe, or every husband a domestic Nero better then is it, to shun society and live in solitude—better to become,

“A Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.”

But I was soon aroused from those painful reflections by finding myself unexpectedly in the rear of two beings, who from their general appearance might have been considered as belonging to some other planet. The one, was an *exquisite* of the most dandy-like dimensions—moving with an elastic step and important air—the other a pale and languishing beauty, of the same physical transformation apparently wrapped up, in a kind of sickly admiration of herself and companion, upon whose arm she hung in truly modest and maidenly dependance. The subject of their conversation, I learned was *love*, and nothing but *love*, and to any one who might have been under the real dominion of the mystical cupid, their theatrical manoeuvring and melting speeches would have afforded a most effectual and speedy cure. The conceited coxcomb, declaring his passion in the zeal of the most devoted at-

tachment, would at times foam and rave like a cataract—and then relaxing his impetuosity a little, he would range the whole field of prose and poetry, in search of choice figures and precious scraps, in order to give a happy coloring to the romantic feelings of his idolatry. The dear maiden was wholly unable to reply to such an overwhelming tide of affection—but with the most winning softness and heart touching sympathy, she looked at him and sighed—

“Sigh’d and look’d, sigh’d and look’d,
Sigh’d and look’d and sigh’d again.”

And the sight I could endure no longer. And if this, thought I, is the first step to be taken by those who would celebrate the rites of hymen, I shall never worship at his shrine—especially when in so doing, instead of reaping unutterable joy, I might inherit nothing but contention and domestic strife—I must confess I went home, with feelings very different from those I had usually cultivated—but upon further reflection, I came to the conclusion, that where neither selfishness nor caprice, enter into the motives to a connexion for life, that there is found real and substantial happiness—a happiness that is favorable to every virtue, to “honor dignity and fair renown,” but where it is otherwise, that these, as Terrence has somewhere correctly expressed it are found

———*injurio,*
Suspiciones inimicitio, inducio
Bellum, pax rursus.

Yours, &c.

TESTY.

SUMMARY.

Conductors for lightning, to produce the intended effect, should be continued at least six feet into the earth, and, if possible, they should communicate with water.

Some interesting papers relative to the earliest period of Lord Byron's life, are about to be published in London by his first literary friend Mr Dallas.

It has been ascertained, that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans may be united by opening a communication of only four miles between two rivers.

Mr. Murray, bookseller, of London, has given Washington Irving 1500 pounds sterling for the copyright of his new novel.

An improvement has lately been made at Leeds, England, on the safety value of steam engine boilers, by which the control is taken entirely out of the hands of the engineer, and placed at the disposal of a self-regulator, acting by the pressure of steam.

Mr. Goodsell, lately of New-York, has obtained a patent in London for his flax and hemp machine, invented in this country.



POETRY.

"THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY."

"Aye, beauty's wreck
Is soon accomplished. Of created things,
Nothing was finish'd with a tool so nice
As the moth's wing. 'Tis covered with fine art,
'Tis clothed in feathers to the quickest eye
Hardly perceptible. Yet one slight touch
Defaces all. So woman's beauty flies,
Brush'd by the hand of sorrow or mischance.
Escapes it these? Age will not let it pass;
It falls a victim to the thefts of time;
And there is nothing permanent on earth
But goodness. I have liv'd, Cecelia, long;
'Tis almost ten years since I saw fourscore.
Experience tells me beauty is a shade,
And all the pride of youth a morning cloud.
Will you be taught to be for ever fair,
Spite of old age in wrinkles? then be good."

Sir John More.

From the Trenton Emporium. WELCOME FAYETTE!

WELCOME FAYETTE!
To the land that was won,
In part by *your* valour
From slavery's chain—
And that well we remember
The deeds you have done,
You shall feel when you tread
On our green shores again.
Our last sun shall set
Before we forget
With Washington's name
Still to join La Fayette!
Yes, the hero who bled
That our clime might be free,
As dear as the blood of
Our bosoms shall be.

When the storm clouds of war
Gathered black in the West,
At the first shout of "Freedom!"
That burst through the gloom,
He left the bright home
Youth and beauty had blest,
To league with our fathers—
To share in their doom!—
And when roll'd afar
Was that tempest of war.
And the Eagle, triumphant,
Soar'd proud o'er each star,
He sought no reward—
No advantage to find,
But the sweet peace that virtue
Imprints on the mind.

Then welcome, Fayette;
And while Gratitude burns
In hearts that have always
Been faithful as free—
While one recollection
Of peril returns—
In the memory of millions
Immortal shall be,
The hero and sage

Who, in youth and in age,
Has been Liberty's Champion
Through life's every stage.—
Not a voice in the wide realm
You lov'd will forget
To join the loud chorus of
WELCOME FAYETTE!

EPIGRAMS.

To a Lady, on seeing her blush.

Leila, when'er I gaze on thee,
My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila, shall I the cause impart
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.

Modest Worth.

When Trot in coach his foot first set,
He blush'd and back a step reclin'd;
For Trot himself could not forget,
How many years he rode behind.

Better to set in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall.
Than to bend the neck, and bow the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery.—*Olearius.*

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins—it glows till death.
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

Wernicke.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Jest.

PUZZLE II.—It is an assent (ascent.)

PUZZLE III.—He is a Bey (bay.)

Answer to—Rebus—Rye.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

To whom may a man best commit his secrets?

II.

What is it we say when we silence proclaim,
Which both backward and forward will spell the same.

A delicate fruit, whose botanical name
Both backward and forward will still spell the same.

An instrument written combined forms a name, [same].
Which both backward and forward will still spell the

A beautiful word, a feminine name, [same].
Which both backward and forward will still spell the

A musical note when wrote forms a name, [same].
Which both backward and forward will still spell the

The initials when joined will still spell a name,
Which every lady, that's married, will claim, [the same].
And which both backward and forward will still spell

Died,

On board the brig Marock, bound to Marseilles, after
an illness of 11 days, of the small pox, Mr. DANIEL R.
HATHAWAY, formerly of this City, in the 23d year of
his age.

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